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(See inside front cover)

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Blue-gray Symphony

Your eyes must always make for me
A symphony akin to pain,
A changing music, limpid, clear;
Now muted from a merry note,
Now trilling to a tender strain;
As lilting bluebells on a wind-swept hill,
As loitered cloud-drifts in a rain-washed pool;
The soft, gray cadence of a distant choir,
The drifting clouds of infinity;
Blue-gray, gray-blue symphony.

Alabama —MARY B. WARD

Quiescence

Rippling of water, gleam of a star-beam,
Hush of the twilight quiet and still,
Evergreens yonder fronting the sky-line,
Sentinels silent guarding a hill.

Near in the gloaming, silver-gray birches
Gaunt oaks like phantoms circling around,
Lapping of water, dipping of paddle,
Silence of motion, stillness of sound.

Darker the shadows, grayer the phantoms
Covertly watching, almost a fear;
Gently the touch of a hand in the darkness,
Peace and contentment, someone is near!

New York —SELDON NOYES

Cloud-Quilt

The clouds are piecing quilts today,
  Quilts for a mountain bride,
Patches of blue and patches of gray
Sewed with stitches that will not stay,
They shift and drift in a crazy way
  Over the mountain side.

Georgia —OLIVER KELLER MELTON

Meg and Amy, Beth and Jo

Meg and Amy, Beth and Jo
Little friends of long ago,
Come to me and let us play
Yester years are but today.

With a rainbow we will weave
Plots for plays of make-believe,
And, small friends of long ago,
Let us stage just one more show.

Backdrops for that show shall be
Moon-drenched lanes of memory
Where our dreams, a-coming true,
Dance once more in gay revue.

Hopes of youth shall breathe again,
Little women, little men,
And as joyously we sing
Autumn airs shall conjure spring.

Each of us shall be a star
(Land of where no failures are)
And at time for you to go,
Hold my hand, O little Jo!

Illinois —R. ALBRIGHT

Tears

When I consider life and its few years—
A mist of fog between me and the sun;
A call to battle, and the battle done
Ere the last echo dies within our ears;
A wave whirled in the seas; an hour of fears;
The gusts that past a darkening calm defeat;
The frost of mirth down an unlistening street—
I wonder at the idleness of tears!
Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight,
Chieftains, and bards, and keepers of the deep
Byerry cup of aman that you hold,
Leave me your tears and make me all aright
How can hate live, or what make stay your step;
How live sight, and live little Lark!

Lizette Woodworth Reese.

Sonnet to a Stepmother

She has not known the tender alchemy
Of hungry baby lips upon her breast;
Of tiny hands whose touch, mysteriously,
Makes daily care a joyous service, blest;
But with a heart responsive to the need
Of children left unmothered, she has made
A sacrifice of self that she may lead
Them in love's way . . . I think the wistful shade
Of her whose place she fills must hover near
With brooding spirit wings to bear her through
Dark hours when ingratitude and fear
Of failure brim her cup with bitter rue . . .
Inadequate my song! So far above
Mere praise stands this deliberate mother-love!

Alabama —ESTHER BARRETT ARGO

To a Stepmother

My love for you is free—
I'm not the leaf that clings
Upon the mother-tree
For life. My body sings
With different blood to yours,
Swings to a different tune.

We are not bound—and yet,
Oh, heart, do not forget:
The wind, too, loves the tree—
Perhaps more tenderly.

Missouri —SELMA R. OSTERMAN

The Mother

She stands, the Angel at the gate of Eden,
Evolved of years, yet ageless and apart,
Her chastening sword against the darkness driven,
Her eyes the seeing fires of her heart.
Eternal with her lonely arms out-reaching,
She guards her children of the wilderness,
And welcomes their return to her Elysium
With clouds of heaven to clothe nakedness.

Georgia —KATE FORT CODINGTON

When Beauty Dies

When beauty dies I'll follow it;
There is no other perquisite
  That life can offer to allay
  The loss of raiment for the clay
Though love's bright lamp be ever lit.

For joy and vanity are knit
To such a snug and perfect fit
  My mind will only know decay
    When beauty dies.

So when at last I must submit
To loss of beauty I'll outwit
  The dull assessor and array
  Myself in much the same old way
And then convinced of wisdom, quit—
    When beauty dies.

Florida —MARGARET STANTON PARADISE

Remarks at Parting

Yours be the glory and the gold. Whatever gain
You can wring for yourself out of this world,
Let that be yours. Somehow the thrilling pain
Of sunlight sweeping, winged, roseate, pearled,
Across the earth has never wrenched your heart
Like it did mine. You clearly saw the worth
Of things you peddled in the busy mart.
If great success be yours upon the earth,
You have deserved it. It should well be yours.
If fate sends sullen failure for your guest,
Yours is a stubborn nature that endures
Such things. The hardest, bitterest test
Fate sends will matter little in the end.
These are my final words. Goodbye, my friend.

As for myself, it is my fate to know
Fear you can't fathom, being unafraid.
It is my fate to rise at dawn and go
Marching forever with the gay parade.
And if the proud tread of the brilliant ranks
Is heard but briefly down the streets of time,
If in the end we get but little thanks
For contributions that we thought sublime,
It is our fate, and we have nothing lost,
Who were ordained to have no hope of gain.
Our hands are empty, but we paid no cost,
And we remember still the mad refrain
That only we could understand and know.
Hark you! Again I hear it! I must go.

North Carolina —STEWART ATKINS

Serenade

Love of my heart, through all the days
I am so inarticulate.
But now the calm of night-shade lays
Its magic and unburdening weight
Upon me.
And the fluency
The usual denies to me
Comes in a throttled rhythmic gust,
A silent song, a painless thrust.

The stars burn out their shimmering beam,
The rain-scoured streets reflect the gleam
Of bulbous arc-light's ocher glow.
The pulse of night is soft and slow.
Coiled in a little lovely heap
I see you rest in blessed sleep.

You are the pagan mystery
Of mating nature's ecstasy.
You are the clear uncarnal flame
That flares in sacred beauty's name.
You are the moment's mad surcease.
You are the long and finite peace.

Love of my heart, in some strange way
Hear all these things I cannot say,
See in day's colorless routine
This Something's over-lighting sheen.
Let this unspoken dream efface
The tediousness of commonplace.

Alabama —WILLODINE CRANFORD

Lake Storm

At dawn the wind came snarling down the draw,
Leaping the canyons, cougar-wise and fleet;
Uprooting forests with a ruthless claw;
Rending the earth with ragged jaws of sleet.
Darkly the foothills cowered, one by one,
Pressed by a savage and relentless foe;
Slowly the failing and defeated sun
Fell back before the darting barbs of snow.

Across the lake at noon a yelping pack
Of hounds went forth, by whips of fury lashed;
Their stuborn haunches took the curl and crack
Of fiery thongs that out from chaos flashed;
The mountains shuddered as the tumult grew,
Feeling the fangs of winter strike them through.

California —WINIFRED GRAY STEWART

Promise

Autumn's cadences express
With mystical exquisiteness

Her flaming promise to the skies,
"What matter though all beauty dies,

In colors glorious and brave
She falls immortal to the grave,

Aware the transiency of death
But crystallizing of temporal breath

Until the magic touch of Spring
Shall quicken her soul's awakening."

Minnesota —MARY d'AUTREMONT GERRY

Extravagant

Extravagant? I am glad I am extravagant!
I could never be the tiny, nibbling things mice are!
. . . Pinching here, and running to hide!
I pity them!

Life is such a lavish thing—and I love life.
I love the ardent sun,
The drenching rain,
The flooding river,
The rolling angry sea.
I love life—all its thirsty fires:
Love. Sorrow. Abandon.

I want to throw all to the winds
That vex the big, latent waters!
I want to lie on the hills
And drink the sunlight and exquisite life!

But, alas! Earthly life besets me!
And by the sweat of my face I must eat bread!
. . . Precious jewel of my body's travail.
This would I gladly hoard.
This would I vainly stint!

Georgia —ATHENE CRAIG

Affinity

I read a poem tonight when grief
Surged like water on a reef;
Waves, storm-tossed and high.

And every word struck like a bell
Through my heart. I could not tell
Who wrote it—you or I!

Alabama —JOSEPHINE ALDRICH HARRIS

Sonnet

I do not ask the proof of your great love
That bold young lovers eagerly demand:
I can accept it humbly, as the dove
Accepts the crumb from some cool outstretched hand.
No longer am I serf to ecstasy
That comes with passion and the heated breath:
I love you, rather, as men of the sea
Love ships they cling to in the face of death.

For I have learned that flames will quickly die,
And whirl into eternal nothingness:
All that will ever live is you and I,
The singing souls of us—no more, no less:
And they shall soar, as though with silver wings,
Ever to our clear star's bright beckonings.

South Carolina —JOHN ZEIGLER

Cactus

They mocked, and put Him on the cross,
  Thorns upon His head;
They jeered, and took Him down and cast
  Them both aside, as dead.

But neither Man nor thorns had died;
  Death was not their doom,
For lo, the face of God looks out
  From every cactus bloom!

Georgia —ESSIE M. CARMICHAEL

Kindling Fires

Worth is the counselor of greatness. In every age
The Ideal pleads with venturing hearts to rise
And make eternal dawns their heritage
By kindling fires of hope in other eyes.

Dust knows this secret flame, how fugitive
Its splendor-pass from blossom to the seed;
Storm-ruin and chaos discipline, but give
Proud value to a harvest that we need.

The fields serve beauty never bound or cut
By mortal scythes of doubt, derision, fear.
The traveled road may tend it in a rut,
Or cyclone whirl it to some wide frontier.

The sky holds wings of shadow on its breast;
Clouds giving rain and new life's quickened flow.
The cool dusk falling fills the empty nest,
And gifts of silence cover earth like snow.

To feed life's hungry hearts. That is our worth.
Pass on our new stored wisdom gleaned like flame,
That broken beauty of the sea and earth
Reveal in men new power we cannot name.

Ohio —H. RAYNESFORD MULDER

Pandora (Everywoman)

This little chest, concealed where no one sees—
This priceless box of dear forbidden things
Is filled with tender singing memories,
Tho some are barbed with cruel, poignant stings.
And yet—remembering their rainbow wings,
Remembering half-forgotten melodies—
I must unbind this chest where no one sees,
My priceless box of dear forbidden things!

Mississippi —ANNE-ELISE ROANE WINTER

From the Heart of a Flower

You sent chrysanthemums,
Their yellow, shaggy heads
Were like curls of tangled gold.
I put them in a jar of blue
And placed it on a chest of rosewood
Near a window
Where the sunlight filtered through.
I drank in all their beauty
Until darkness with deep shadows
Filled the room.
Dawn broke—in coral fires across the sky,
My eyes beheld, upon the quivering petals
A butterfly—
Merging slowly from a brown cocoon
Unfolding moist wings of bronze
With smudges of inky black.
I watched its rhythmic flight
Into the golden day—
This symbol of beauty
Whose fragile life began
In the heart of a flower.

Georgia —LUCILLE EDGEWORTH OSLIN

Southern Pines

High priestess of the Southland trees,
  The Pine, unceasing, plies
Her needles while she bows her limbs
  And chants her litanies.

Her veins give healing to the hurt
  And jewels for the fair;
Her body is broken that the Book
  May be read everywhere.

Tennessee —ABBY CRAWFORD MILTON

My Window-Tree

This is my window-tree, perennial in its bounteous gifts:
My friend—its branches touch my reading-window
Gaily in greeting, or gently in reminder that its growth is upward;
My birds' inn—with bed-boughs and pantry,
Or a landing field for these that chirp and warble;
My self-inviting beauty—
At night casting its Jap pictures against my farther wall,
Shadow-panels of a nameless etcher;
In winter, ice-bedecked, a Valhalla for Brunhilde;
In spring, the uncurling tenderness of renascence;
In summer, a green mantle for Dame Fashion, or
A doomed umbrella for pedestrians;
In autumn, the richness of a life well spent—
Its gold of Trust, its red of Courage;
At all times, the expression of our Maker's love.

Tennessee —LUCY H. MCDONALD

Life

(*In Four Stanzas*)

I
(One to twenty-five)
MUST

II
(Twenty-five to fifty)
LUST

III
(Fifty to seventy-five)
RUST

IV
(Seventy-five plus)
DUST

Georgia —THORNWELL JACOBS

Portrait

She stands straight-limbed, in garb of purest white,
Whose folds caress her form in touches light.
Her fingers, supple, slim, are loosely laced,
Her gown but slightly girdled at the waist,
Revealing the firm swell of rounded hips.
The painter falters at her perfect lips
Where joy and sadness blend so subtly sweet.
Her chin a symphony of grace, complete.
Her nose retrousse (I must tell the truth)
One blemish on the wonder of her youth.
An argent forehead; hair which baffles me,
Where lights and shadows dance in witchery.
And eyes which ever mutely call my soul
To struggle upward to that shining goal.

Kentucky —EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY

Intrigued

If you had called me beautiful
With soulful eyes, and hair
Of amber lovliness, and hands
Seductive, fair;
I should have known your words were false
And gone upon my way;
But that one phrase, "You understand,"
Intrigued, and made me stay.

Missouri —BESS ELLEN SAMUEL

Tempo

She bodied forth her eager soul
In tones of thoughtful gray
And wondered why nobody paused
To hear what she might say.

But when she found a marching tune,
Flags floating bright and gay,
The people pressed in glad acclaim
About her vivid way.

Kansas —FLORENCE L. SNOW

Masquerade

I am not a harlequin—
That's just a guise I frolic in.

I really have a family fine,
Lands and gold and gems are mine.

Just now, a-weary of my play
I'm wearing my own clothes today;

My sun-gold dress with amber lace,
Topazes hold my hair in place.

Pierrot says he does not see
This golden gown that covers me—
How very blind Pierrot must be!

Iowa —FAYE CASHATT LEWIS

Two Ways

Some people tutor love, and make it grow
In patterns, stiff as hedges in a row;
While others let love flourish at its will
Like crimson poppies flung against a hill.

Mississippi —LOLLY WILLIAMS

Birches

Birches bending in the breeze
Are the ladies of the trees—
What more graceful thing than these,
Or more charming?

Slender silvery bodies sway,
Bowing graciously this way
As if they would sweetly say
A "Good morning!"

Daintily they stir their dress
Of a fragile loveliness,
When the soft south winds caress
Their green laces.

Slim aristocrats are these
Lovely ladies of the trees,
Whispering in twos and threes
In grassy places.

California —KATHERINE E. LINCK

Moon Song

The moon is a mother
Who rocks through the night
Soothing star-babies
Each crying with fright.

The wind is her rocker,
And if you must know,
She's tucking the stars in
With blankets of snow.

Pennsylvania —GEORGIANA BOLE KING

Cottonwoods in the Wind

They are ballet-dancers,
All in green and tinsel,
White limbs gleaming, gleaming,
Glimpsing through the spangles;
Ballet-dancers tired
Of the lights and people,
Yet they dance unceasing
For my happy children.

At the Riverside

The willow trails pale-green fingers
In the clear water,
Leaning, Narcissus-like,
To look at her image.

Oklahoma —JULIA BAGGETTE

Grevillea Robusta

(*Silk Oak. Attains height of* 150 *feet*)

Burnt orange and gold, your lovely bloom,
As if the rainbow's end was found,
Or spice of some unknown perfume,
That saw the sun on foreign ground.

Burnt orange and gold, your bloom is spun
Into a pattern, strange to see;
With cloth of gold and setting sun,
O, Grevillea Robusta Tree.

Burnt orange and gold, that droops with grace,
Gold dust is sifted every day—
If morning shows a smiling face,
You offer her a gold bouquet.

California —MAYNIE STODDARD WILSON

'Cajin Tryst

I shall wait for Pierre
Under these whispering willows.

How palely purple the hyacinths lie
On the breast of the placid bayou!
They are like a silken gown—a bridal gown
Shimmering when the wind goes by.

Ah! he comes, with his flute!
The clear notes fall
Like opal beads from a silver threading.
O, why did I think of opals!
Unlucky jewels. Quick! the sign of the cross.
"Holy Mother, protect us!"
The music was only a mocking bird
That croons, half asleep, to its mate.

There! A slender finger of light
Wavers along the still water.
Pierre comes, swinging his lantern!
But no. A slim new moon looks up
Through wavering reflections of willows.

Shall I call him, ever so softly?
Perhaps he is hiding to tease me.
"Pierre! Pierre!"
Comes the croak of a lonely frog for answer.
An owl in the live-oak mocks me with laughter.
I shiver with cold. Will he come?

Yes! He comes—he comes at last—
Singing along the cotton furrows.
He has left his plow by the gate.
On laughter light pinions
My heart goes forth to greet him;
But my feet must not follow.
No. I shall wait here, under the willows.
"Pierre!"

Texas —LUCIE GILL PRICE

A Picture

To Una Miles

An Indian standing straight and tall
In the sunlight gilding my western wall,
His hands outstretched to the setting sun,
His rapt face raised, with gold-thread spun.
To the Unknown God, Great Spirit of love,
Who watches His children from somewhere above!
Who answers the cry of the Red Man's soul . . .
His appeal for mercy has reached its goal!

The sun went down in a flaming sky,
The Indian worshipped, even as I . . .
Slowly the picture faded from sight,
Lost in the shadows of deepening night.

Vermont —ELLA WARNER FISHER

Snowfall

The falling snow, so white and pure,
  Is singing us an overture.
Its whiteness shrouding the stilly morn,
  Its beauty softening the jagged and torn,
The velvety mounds of rounded form
  Deny the blasts of list night's storm.

Kentucky —M. E. FLETCHER BISHOP

Petty Larceny

Time is
A pickpocket
Who pilfers all the coin
Of human lives; and then he slinks
Away.

Florida —ETTA JOSEPHEAN MURFEY

The Thief

To thieve,
Little sunbeam,
You stole into my heart.
All its bitter scalding tears are
No more.

Georgia —LILLIAN M. PIERCE

Nothing for Nothing

I had my little axe to grind
And used you for a stone.
Why should I be surprised to find
You had one of your own?

California —FLORENCE CLEMENS

The Whirlwind

It haunts the western plain,
The cyclone's madcap child,
Whirling, twirling ever,
Like a gnome beguiled.
This frivolous mass
Of dust and grass
Tiptoes on high
Almost to sky,
And lingers
So, saucy,
Winding
Elfin
Foe
!

Texas —BYRD FRIEND

(Continued from page two)
There is a shiver of the spine, a tightening of the throat, a watering of the eyes . . ."

All this suggests the therapeutic value of poetry, a subject that we shall discuss at some length in the next issue of this magazine. In the meantime, may we suggest to those who are specially interested in this subject that they re-read Browning's "Saul," and C. Alphonso Smith's invaluable little book, WHAT LITERATURE CAN DO FOR ME.

Editor Adrian Huffman, THE AGENDA, Walla Walla, Washington, makes a suggestion that we wish to quote, as applying also to BOZART and CONTEMPORARY VERSE: "Poems should be well wrought and short, with due technical regard for meter, rhythm and uniformity. Contractions, inversions, maudlin sentiment and poetic fallacies are departures from the freshness and naturalness encouraged in present day practice and should be avoided. Verse that moves with a definite impulse to a uniform conclusion will be welcomed." By the way, THE AGENDA is one of the best magazines in the country. Adrian Huffman is a young man of whom his teachers, Cheyner-Trent, may well be proud.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Visiting The Makers

WITH

BEN MUSSER

For all poets who revere the origin of this magazine, the great November moment was the unveiling, on the 16th, of a bronze tablet in Carnegie Library, Atlanta, to the memory of Ernest Hartsock, "whose fame rests more securely in the 'strange splendor' of his own verse and in the fruits of those whom his master craftsmanship as teacher, as editor, and as critic drew to be his friends and disciples." On the same date a stone, bearing Ernest's poem "Second Coming," was erected at his grave. December 14th will mark his third anniversary among the immortal poets.

Alfred Noyes disclaims the facility in writing with which a French critic has recently credited him. In his own case, he says, fifty pages of closely written or scrawled corrections often make up the MS. of a

My Home in Bray

When twilight silver ends the day
I tip-toe softly down the Way
Of Years, to see my home in Bray.
* * *
The peaceful calm of Sabbath morn,
Red poppies in a field of corn.
A breakfast table set with care,
A Father's earnest word of prayer,
A room in twilight wide and long,
And fingers tracing love's old song
On a golden harp with wistful strings—
Across the meadow a church bell rings.
* * *
And so I wander through the past
Grateful for the things that last.

California —COLEEN ASLIN

Cry Down the Wind

A leopard of wind
Is creeping to clutch
The army of trees
With his jungle touch,

Rushing with all
His brutal thunder
To sweep a field
Of grasses under—

A jungle beast
I watch with fright
Whose fangs have been whet
On my heart tonight.

Pennsylvania —LUCIA TRENT

NIGHT: Oklahoma Oil Fields

Delirium-spent, the fevered daylight dies
And murky twilight slants from copper skies;
Tall derricks bloom like moonflowers, light on light
Against the dusty velvet of the night.
No rest is here: In Fortune's magic hand
The witching willow points to paying sand
From prairie's edge to gumbo hills of clay
And veins of flowing gold turn night to day.
Where yesterday bronze smoke from wigwams rose,
Today a phantom leafless forest grows—
Where stalked the spectre of the prairie fire
A human tidal wave mounts high and higher
To myriad sounds that hum and creak and groan—
To bedlam sounds that howl and shriek and moan.

In undertone I hear in piston's beat
The gallop of a pinto pony's feet;
In steady thud of drill and motor's throb
I hear an Indian tom-tom's rhythmic sob;
In siren scream of engine in the dark,
A wildcat's challenge and a coyote's bark:
The new, relentless, triumphs over all,
But to my heart lost voices of the old still call.

Oklahoma —HALLIE WHITAKER

Canary

Little bird,
Silver spilling from your throat,
You are a tiny scrap of yellow velvet,
Torn, I think,
From God's bright overcoat.

Alabama —PAUL STOUGH

The Ghost

I think it must be sweet to see a ghost.
  Oh, just a gentle ghost; perhaps a girl
  Who wears her hair wound down a long bright curl,
And carries legend with her like a boast,—
Who haunts a shabby castle where the guest,
  Catching a glimpse, turns mildly, "Who was that?"
  Perhaps we'd hear the story while we sat
Dawdling at dinner, and be unimpressed;
But take our old-world candles from the rack,
  And, yawning, mount with dull goodnights the stair.
  A step, a rustled garment,—*who was there?*
I'd stumble on, too sheepish to go back,
And thread the shadowy hall with ginger tread,
  Starting to hear the creaks along the floor
  Before I reached the designated door,
And turned, relieved, to view the ancient bed.—
This must have been her room. She's sitting there,
  Her arm along the sill to draw the shade,
  Almost as if she'd been a lady's maid,
Come to unhook me and to do my hair.—
And when she moved and smiled I'd catch my breath,
  And stand aside with heartbeats like a shout
  When she upraised the latch and glided out.—
I know I should be terrified to death.

Pennsylvania —DOROTHY COWLES PINKNEY

Encore

Life is a comedy.
I'm glad to be at the show.
The best players are those who take themselves most seriously.
Sometimes I think of acting myself.

New York —ARTHUR E. DUBOIS

Grand Central

All day long the people pass
As fishes glide behind a glass;
Not the same and yet the same,
Bearers of a common name.

Faces weary, drawn and white—
One that glows with inner light—
Faces eager, sad, content,
Beautiful and insolent;
Richman, poorman, youth and age,
Like jumbled letters on a page
Severed by a casual knife
From the massive book of Life.

All day long they come and go;
Year on year they ebb and flow;
So familiar, yet so strange—
Changing, changing, yet no change.

Pennsylvania —MILDRED FERGUSON COUSENS

Old Mary

Old Mary had such a gentle way
Of nodding her head when she sat to play,
Her gnarled old fingers pushing the tones
From the yellowing keys with their squeaks and groans.

But peering over her glasses she
Smiled as she nodded. Cheerfully
Lifting her head from every beat
Ready the next brief measure to greet.

I'm sure she recognized them all
With courtesy. You could see by the fall
Of her head as each one came along—
Old Mary played a friendly song.

Idaho —MILDRED HOLMAN MELTON

Frustrate

Oh, I am shackled by a magic chain,
And though I long to soar on winds that spring
From laughing meadows where no shadows cling
My spirit lifts exultant wings in vain.
Is then my Muse that celebrated pain
A harp with only one unbroken string?
And is my lyric heart that bids me sing
A shallow cup that sorrow's lips can drain?

I fashioned songs throughout the tragic night
While star-boats skimmed across a black lagoon—
And welcomed dawn not knowing that the light
Could change my singing to a voiceless tune,
Nor that I should be blinded by the bright
New splendor of a shadeless amber noon.

Indiana MARY A. KIEFER

The Sky Clock

Deep-blue, clear-blue, crystal, sapphire, lapis-blue.
Morning bound within its hue
Until low hills sift indigo
Across the afternoon's soft glow.

Fire-red, orange-red, carmine, gold and copper-red.
Sunset burns across its bed
Until low hills sift amber-green
Along the evening's velvet sheen.

Jet-black, polished black, carbon-hard and onyx-black.
Night-time spread on the star's bright rack
Until low hills sift purple-gray
Along the dawning's haze-swept way.

California —GASTON BURRIDGE

The Knower

All things speak to the wind . . .

For it alone are the growing-songs of the wheat field,
And the sage autumn wisdom of the corn;
Pine trees know it for a wise listener;
To it, spent summer grasses make confession of their wishes,
And lake waters of their longing;
Old rheumatic houses stir themselves at its coming
To share a creaking record of long memories . . .

So the wind goes lonely with knowing.

New York —BONARO WILKINSON OVERSTREET

Three Things of Beauty

Three things of beauty did I see:
Some bare, black boughs overhanging me,
Dripping the chill rain grudgingly;
A ship's gray plume flung gallantly,
A hazy ghost on a ghostly sea;
A taper's flame bent breathlessly—
These are a beauteous trinity!

New Jersey —CARL K. BOMBERGER

Metaphor

Fate flings
This little pebble,
Me,
Far out
Into the lake of life . . .
A tiny ripple stirs.

Alabama —PAUL STOUGH

When Snowflakes Fall

I wonder if the snow falls on
  Your house tonight.

  Perhaps, it does in white
Clean drifts that spread upon
The earth like holy thoughts
  On hallowed nights.
Perhaps, the snow will fall in thin
  And frozen drifts, and settle on
The earth like ice as it begins
  To form on cold black lakes at dawn.

  And yet, the snow may not fall on
Your house tonight, and you will sleep
  Without remembering.

One time you said when snowflakes fell
You would remember me!

Tennessee —VIRGINIA DOSS

Beggar—Prince

Are you a beggar who come to me
Beseeching alms on bended knee?

No golden crown nor silver shoon
Nor scarlet robe you ask as boon—

Only to kiss the place my footsteps spanned?
My Beggar-Prince, my heart is in your hand!

Georgia —ANNE G. HUDGINS

Caves of Night

You draw me on, encompass me
With what a woman loves—make me forget
An ever-near catastrophe;
But in the caves of night I am beset
With rumblings of eternity.

You draw me on with infants' cries;
Entangle me in subtle vines and mirth,
Allay my fears with lullabies—
Then hush my singing with a sheath of earth,
And strike the mirror from my eyes.

Georgia —DAISY ARNOLD MAUDE

Sea Gull's Cry

Through early morning mist, veiling the sky,
There comes the strangely eerie sea-gull's cry;

Haunting and sad as long remembered grief
Whose harshness beats across a hidden reef.

Where hopes went down into a brine-deep grave;
And then bright, curling foam upon each wave

Dares fling a song of glitter in the sun,
Though life and beauty end when scarce begun;

Though love is dashed against a rocky wall
Or flung like spindrift out beyond recall:

Still from afar I hear the haunting cry
Of sea-gulls winging near a misty sky.

Virginia —ELIZABETH MAXWELL PHELPS

The Snow Storm

Fretted—my soul—I walk these streets tonight
While baffling shrouds of whirling mystery blow.
Soft muffled wings beat round with blinding might;—
My white companions,—angels of the snow.

Their smothering coldness wrestles with my pain;
Their stinging draws the smart of fevered days.
Then winds have ceased, and I am soothed again.
Lost to the world, I roam sequestered ways.

Brooding on spectres of ethereal fleece,
Abroad in phantom lanes, a mystic mind
Silently falls in flowery dreams of peace:
The Spirit of the Snow, so still, so kind.

Where is the house I left for one brief hour?
Gone?—No!—Transformed! And all above-around—
The very brick redeemed! Whence, trembling power,
Thus to awe me? Oh, this is hallowed ground!

A vision palpitates along the air.
He rends the veil; His presence floods the night.
No, I shall not go in; nor wish—nor dare—
When I can walk these streets with Him in white.

Massachusetts —WINNIFRED G. STEBBINGS

Blow Blow Thou Winter Wind

My trembling windows mumble back replies
To that same wind which blew in Shakespeare's day.
Exaggerating truth, he now denies
It part of man a kindness to repay.

His icy breath so chills the flesh it seems
The years have made him more unkind and rude.
Yet glowing love, all warmly wrapped in dreams
Was ever frozen by ingratitude.

Alabama —MAUDE HARDY ARNOLD

Winter Tapestry

A crumpled length of white brocade
Embossed with frozen rills
And stippled dots of rabbit tracks,
Is flung across the hills.

An edge of pine trees rimed with frost
Jags notches where the sky
Has made a silhouetted path,
Where all the stars go by.

The moon shines like an ancient lamp
Against a dark blue screen,
That swings on fragile ribboned rays
Of perfect crystalline.

Michigan —MURIEL JEFFRIES HURD

Mystic Bond

Before his dust was quickened
The trees and man were one;
His arms within their branches
Reached upward to the sun.

They kissed his lips in Eden
To stain them with a tear,
And lifted him, immortal,
Beyond all death or fear.

Perhaps this constant mingling
With his strange destiny,
Has tuned man's heart to vibrate
To every whispering tree.

Texas —VIRGINIA SPATES

Louisiana

I'm longing for Louisiana,
Where the fields are always green;
For the balmy days, where the sunshine stays
And the skies, calm and serene;
For the placid lakes and the cypress brakes,
For the mocking birds hosana;
For the crystal streams in the Land of Dreams,—
For lovely, Louisiana.

I'm longing for Louisiana,
Where the Gulf breeze gently blows,
With inviting charms from the outstretched arms
Of the ever-blooming rose,
Bringing rich perfumes from the snow-white blooms
Where the sweet magnolia grows
And the cheerful songs, from the happy throngs
Where that "Old Man River" flows.

CHORUS

I love to linger long along the levee
To listen to the river murmuring
And when I'm lonely and my heart is heavy
To hear the cheerful songs the darkies sing;
I want to go where flowers are always blooming,
To see the stilted crane and pelican,
Down where magnolia blossoms are perfuming.
The hours where home-sick hearts get well again.

Alabama —JAMES E. RAMSEY

Trees

Winter

Black lace against the sky
In patterns unexpected, exquisite—
The border of earth's winter robes
Of brown and white.

By Moonlight

Poetry in rhythmic characters,
Dynamic, growing, changing,
Penned by an Eternal Hand
Upon a winter sky.

Pines

Pine trees whisper constantly
Among themselves.
I strain to hear their messages,
To catch their syllables and accents,
But cannot tell the meaning of the sounds.
I wonder why it is men do not learn
The language of the trees.

Weeping Willow

I never pass on autumn days
Where willows softly bend
Without a memory of hills
And gladness for a friend.

Pennsylvania —JAMES ASA JOHNSON

The Silver Maple

The light with flaming fingers drew
A gust of silver up one side.
Spring sent her beauty sparkling through
These branches with disclosing pride.

There came the questing leaves and birds
Up windy skies of night and day.
Summer and autumn found the words
Our maple tree was pleased to say.

And when stern winter stripped the gold
With frosty whip and snowy cry,
We watched to see her proudly hold
A place against the warring sky.

Massachusetts —DANIEL W. SMYTHE

Diary: February

The wind is a hawk today
whirling energy
seeking his prey
in a rusted tree.

Light is Siegfrid's sword
forged in the sun
but I shall not hear his bird
until the leaves are won.

Flakes of snow . . . a rosary
whispered through the trees
in wooded aisles I see
white nuns upon their knees.

Dawn is a web of mist
under a ruby dome.
A crocus touched with amethyst
is tempting March to come.

Illinois —L. LOGAN KEAN

A Prophet

In Bedlam thirty years he stayed,
And died at last, and unafraid.

In Bedlam thirty years, they tell,
Because he said, (pray, note it well!)

That men someday would fly like birds.
The jury marked his solemn words.

"They'll fly like birds," he said, wherefore,
A padded cell, an iron-barred door . . .

He died last week and his son Jim
Flew half a world to bury him.

California —LOUIS MERTINS

Leaf Law

I chide myself that life can mean
So much of misery for me,
When Nature is a treasure-hold
Of latent life and mystery;

So I scanned barren trees today
And found for him who grieves,
These words to chant along the way:
Oaks, even, shed their leaves;

And highest leaf serves lowest earth
Before the Cycle's new,
And leaves that kissed a sky at birth
Will mantle Jonquils through.

Tennessee —ALICE CATHEY

Deepening Shades

RED:
This is what the evening brings:
A redwing darting by
Takes bits of sunset sky
As epaulets for coal-black wings.

PURPLE:
As color flows from purple west,
A martin flies along
To catch it on his wings and breast,
Transmuting it to liquid song.

BLACK:
A sooty, squeaking bat,
Zigzag chasing every gnat,
With his wayward, charcoal flight,
Does his best to hasten night.

Texas —FRANK CHEAVENS

(Continued from page two)

to try to sing such songs as have "runs" in them, from a very low to a very high note. When they start up they keep going until they go crazier than ever.

When "The Star-Spangled Banner" or "Annie Laurie" is "pitched" too high, haven't you seen rational singers look as though they were going crazy, trying to reach the high notes?

They need to do what Charles Lane advised a young orator to do. He was discoursing on the American eagle which, with outspread pinions, mounted higher and *higher* and HIGHER and *HIGHER!* Here Lane shouted: "Turn that bird loose an' ketch another one." (Understand, please, this applies to the sane folk who try to reach a high note, and not to the unfortunates in the hospitals.)

The "Rest Cure," with which many of us are now familiar, was originated by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia, who was both physician and literary man. This cure implies both bodily and mental relaxation. It is no exaggeration to say that the excitability of the brain cells can be diminished by the quiet, gentle reading of a beautiful poem or story. Your family physician knows more about this than I do. Ask him if it is not possible for a poem, or a rhythmic story, properly read, to be the means of reducing the temperature of a patient.

Being a layman, I make no claim to understanding the empirical therapeutics of poem or story; but I cite this illustration of rational therapeutics. A good friend of mine, a woman from South Georgia, was in an Atlanta hospital a few years ago. Her normal weight was 125. At the time of which I am speaking she weighed 87. One afternoon I carried a magazine to her room. I had selected a sweet little story, by Bess Streeter Aldrich, that I thought might help my sick friend. This little story was poetic in beauty and rhythmic in expression.

When I stepped into the open doorway I was almost startled by the woe-begone expression on my friend's face.

"Good afternoon." I called out, as cheerily as possible.

"Come in," she replied languidly. And then she added: "I guess it's about all over with me. They weighed me this morning and, although they tried to keep me from seeing the scales, I have lost three pounds. And the Doctor hints at an operation. My husband and my two little boys are 'way down in South Georgia. How can I ever bear to let them know my condition?"

Just as though I had not heard what she was saying, I replied: "Say,

I have the dandiest little homey story here I ever read. Don't you want to hear it?"

"Read it if you want to," she replied, trying to be civil but, at the same time, turning her face to the wall so that I might not see the tears.

I read the story the best I could. I really doubt if I ever read anything better in my life—and I have been trying, consciously, for more than 30 years, to learn how to read.

Now and then, as the story proceeded, I glanced up to see if it was worrying my friend. Before I had read three pages she had turned her face toward me and was giving close attention. Toward the middle of the story I heard my friend give a little chuckle. Before the end of the story she was laughing heartily.

The next week this woman went to the home of relative in Atlanta. In a month she was back home, weighing 108 pounds. The medical doctor collected the bill; but Bess Streeter Aldrich gave the best medicine.

Longfellow had a mind to this general subject when he wrote:

"Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of the day.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer."

Visiting The Makers

WITH

BEN MUSSER

Came the New Year. What will 1934 bring forth in the name of poetry? We shall have no Flanders Fields and Rouge Bouquets just now, since Mr. Omniscient Wells gives us world peace until 1940; so poets need not yet hone their pens into scabbards. One thing you can safely count on for this year, and that will be the birth of seventeen verse magazines, and the demise of a dozen or so. Among the just-arrived is *Miniature*: A Quarterly of Poetry, $1.00 for a two-year subscription(!), edited by Roland Cooke, 529 Callowhill St., Philadelphia, Pa. . . . Another baby is *The Centaur*, a bi-monthly, six issues a year, 25c a copy, $1.00 annual subscription; the editor is Miss Diana Powell, and the address is 1528 18th St., N.W., Washington, D. C. In regard to *The Centaur*, let me correct an erroneous report which crept into print and has brought me no end of undeserved congratulations, poems, scoldings, everything in fact except subscription checks. It was stated the magazine is edited by Diana Powell *and* Benjamin Musser. Benjy is merely an associate editor, an honorary title, and neither has nor desires to have any finger in the pie in the matter of selection of material or editorial policy. His editorial days passed with his youth and he has no intention of resurrecting either . . . In the *New Canaan Advertiser* (130 State St., Brooklyn, N. Y.) J. Horace Losh edits a colyum of verse reprints and book reviews, *Poet-Craft*. . . . Henry Davis Nadig writes me, from a New Hampshire farm where he has been recuperating "from a rather trying experience," that he will resume his column soon (*I'd Rather Read Poetry*), but he is not so sure of the continuance of his magazine, *The Handle*, of Norwalk, Conn. . . . The editorial board of *Smoke* (106 Williams St., Providence, R. I.), verse magazine, has been reorganized. It is now edited by S. Foster Damon, Daniel DeJong, Frank Merchant, Susanna V. Mitchell . . . Since September, Ethel Romig Fuller has been editing a delightful section in *The Sunday Oregonian*, of Portland. While it is called *Oregonian Verse*, Mrs. Fuller assures me the name connotes the paper and not the locale; that she hopes it will achieve a national scope; that payment of $1.00 is made for each published poem.

Incidentally, Mrs. Fuller conducts a radic program, "Meet Your Favorite Author," each Sunday afternoon at 4:15, Station KEX, Portland.

Frances Frost, mother of three volumes of verse, two jazz-loving children, and *The American Poetry Journal*, has been collecting husbands also, it seems, since she was recently married, at the MacDowell colony in Peterborough, to Samuel Gaillard Stoney of Charleston, S. C. Edwin Arlington Robinson and Nancy Byrd Turner were witnesses to the marriage . . . Daniel Whitehead Hicky, Atlanta poet of fast-growing renown, plans to spend part of this year in Europe, where he will work on his first novel . . . On October 30th James Courtney Challis was struck and killed by a motor truck, at San Antonio, Texas. Many of us oldsters will recall his poem, "Santa Claus 'll come tonight, If you're good," etc. . . . The much loved mother of Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni died November 2nd, All Souls' Day.

Life Members, The Order of Bookfellows, are offering through *The Step Ladder* a prize for a one-act play. Only bookfellows may compete . . . The editors of *The North Carolina Poetry Review* announce a first annual poetry contest, presumably restricted to members of the North Carolina Poetry Society, though the circular does not specify this point. Typewritten poems, not to exceed 20 lines, are to be sent to Father Placid, Belmont Abbey College, Belmont, N. C., before April 1st. There are five prizes, ranging from $15 to a one-year subscription for the *Review* . . . Sara Henderson Hay of Anniston, Ala., won first place in the third annual book publication contest conducted by *Kaleidograph* (Dallas, Texas) . . . The College Poetry Society of America has awarded its first prize to Ben Belitt, a student at the University of Virginia, for "The Song of the King's Huntsmen." John Gould Fletcher and Genevieve Taggard were the judges . . . Awards in the triple poetry contests of the League of American Pen Women will be given at the annual convention, in Washington, early in April. The present scribe is sole judge. For further details, see George Elliston of *The Gypsy*, Cincinnati . . . Dr. Clifford Gessler of Honolulu won the Bookfellows' first prize in the Charles G. Blanden poetry contest.

With his associates, Harry H. Mayer, Ph.D., is collating and editing *The Modern Poets' Book of Psalms*, presumably to include 150 poets' metrical rhymed transcriptions of the Psalms of David. For details, consult Dr. Mayer, 3512 Kenwood Ave., Kansas City, Mo. Inclusion is by invitation . . . Did you ever see a more gorgeous anthology than

Threads and Shadows, edited by James Neill Northe of *Silhouettes?*

On January 25th, at the Ambassador, New York, all the big wigs gathered together for the annual dinner of the Poetry Society of America. Among speakers and honor guests were Herman Wildenvay of Norway, Padraic and Mary Colum, Witter Bynner, Joseph Auslander, Anna Hempstead Branch, Stephen and Rosemary Benét; Leonora Speyer presided . . . Carl Cave and his Poet Laureate League seem to be prospering. If you're interested in what seems to most of us snobbery and futility, or if you'l like to be your local Poet Laureate, there's your chance . . . The Poets Club, of England, formed "to encourage poets to recite their own verses in public" (over here they need no encouragement, rather the contrary), has celebrated its 25th anniversary by a commemorative dinner, with Henry Simpson, its founder, in the chair (the others, perhaps, under the table).

O. O. McIntyre reminds us that Berton Braley as a college boy in Montana had curly brown hair, wore an ensemble completely brown, smoked a huge brown pipe and let a brown bulldog. One pausese only to wonder if he was ever in a brown study. Keats was partial to blue, Shelley to green, Amy Lowell liked yellow, Oscar Wilde favored purple. All of which may prove something or other, I don't know . . . Clarence Peaslee, of the one and only "Attic Salt" in the *Williamsport Sun*, Pa. has been made First Assistant District Attorney of Williamsport . . . The Birmingham (England) *Post* is of opinion that instant popularity reduces a poet's chance of age-long success, for it suggests an interpretative, rather than a creative, basis in the artist's work . . . Also from England comes this sane statement: Ivor Brown contends that the fashionable verse of the moment is like the fashionable furniture, steely stuff. But that the furniture has more rhythm; some of these metal-tubed armchairs have a fine sweep and roll about their lines which are not to be observed in the jerky matter which is now called poetry . . . On the other hand, Leigh Hanes of *The Lyric* (Roanoke, Va.) editorially remarks that "The best critic is not professedly a critic at all, but an average, intelligent reader, too much of a philosopher to think that he is omniscient, and with enough culture and factual knowledge and emotional responsiveness to insure against sciolism and egocentric bluntness."

To the correspondence teachers of verse listed in our Nov.-Dec. notes, add "The Friendly Verse Clinic" conducted by Julia Boynton Green, of 922 N. Ardmore, Los Angeles, California . . . Avery Hopwood's

will left to the University of Michigan the sum of $321,987.38, the interest of which is to be distributed annually to students of the University "who perform the best creative work in the fields of dramatic writing, fiction, poetry, and the essay" . . . For sheer modesty in these days of loud advertising, the first book announcement by The Gay Street Publishers (18 Gay St., New York) deserves a golden crown. Incidentally, this humility should make big sales for that "humble first" of the Gay Street books, which happens to be a very readable and worth-while volume, *In Infinite Variety*, by Frederic Thompson, who is chairman of the executive board of the Catholic Poetry Society of America, and assistant editor of *The Commonweal* . . . Alfred A. Knopf has added, to his Borzoi Chapbooks series, booklets by Robert Frost, Louis Untermeyer, Witter Bynner, and Léonie Adams.

PASTURE ON PARNASSUS

THREADS AND SHADOWS—1932-33 . . . Herald-Silhouettes Press, Ontario, California. ($2.00).

Another anthology makes its first appearance, the contents of which are compiled by James Neill Northe, selections having been made from SILHOUETTES and the compiler's newspaper poetry page WARP AND WOOF. The title is significant, the format artistic with attractive linoleum-block illustrations by the Burridges, and the poems themselves are above the average. Mr. Northe is to be congratulated on his array of representative poets.

MODERN AMERICAN POETRY—1933 . . . The Galleon Press, N. Y. City ($3.00).

A collection of new poems by new writers, edited by Gerta Aison. Selections were made from more than ten thousand manuscripts submitted. This is the second year the Galleon Press has sponsored a coterie of fledgling- poets, some of last year's output having justified this second venture, which is a creditable edition.

EMINENT AMERICAN POETS . . . Empire Publishing Company, New York.

Some familiar names to readers of poetry and many new ones are presented in this collection of more than two hundred poets. It is edited by James H. Rutherford, with illustrations by Eleanor Falk.

PASTURES and Other Poems—By Lizette Woodworth Reese. (Farrar and Rinehart, N. Y.—$1.50).

There is a quiet beauty in the lyrics which the author of "Tears" has wrought. Simplicity and a singing quality characterize her poems in this, her tenth book, perhaps even more than in previous writings. There is a deft bit of description in such lines as "She was as cool as brambles after rain," and a fine narrative suggested in "Table-Setting." The title-poem, "A Hill Pasture," also contains some exquisite lines.

THE FAGOT-GATHERER—By Ethel Austin. (Mirrowood Press, New Britain, Conn.)

One finds a variety of verse-forms in this little brochure, three of the sonnets having been reprinted in the Literary Digest. Against a New England background, the author has produced enough creditable poetry in this, her first collection, for critics to predict poetic recognition for her.

GRAINS OF SAND—By May Arno. (Kaleidograph Press, $1.50).

"A first book with the first edition sold out before a single copy for review was mailed," is the startling news about this book! The briefer poems in philosophical vein show Miss Arno at her best, though several themes of her own Russia are convincingly portrayed. The format is attractive and there are illustrations by Marie McFerson.

PEDDLER'S PACK—By Mary Owen Lewis. (Davis McKay Company, Philadelphia, $1.50).

A third volume of verse by the author of THE PHANTOM BOW and TOWER WINDOW. It is filled with pleasing imagery and awareness to human experience, displaying the poet's skill in both wording and emotional appeal.

MOUNTAIN WATER—By Jewel Miller. (Driftwind Press, North Montpelier, Vt., $2.00).

Combining true lyric beauty with depth and vigor, the author has given us a volume of poetry worth reading, and surely worth remembering A POET OF PROVENCE, a long narrative-poem, is particularly striking and well-done.

FROM GOLD TO GREEN—By Margaret Lathrop Law. (Poetry Publishers, Philadelphia, $2.00).

Artistic in format and content is this second book of poems by an author whose work is receiving well-deserved recognition. Her subject-matter is a blending of Southern and New England flavor, with a dash of continental coloring.

GARDEN UNTENDED—By Ellen Glines. (Mosher Press, Portland, Maine).

Delightful whimsies and some serious verse of real merit make this attractive volume altogether charming.

MARTHA LYMAN SHILLITO.

THE MOON MENDER by John Richard Moreland (The Kaleidograph Press, Dallas, Texas.)

This is Mr. Moreland's fifth book and it will be welcomed by his large audience of admirers.

In this volume, as in his others, he feels the magic of the sea, of April, and of beauty in familiar things richly and rhythmically. Yet he treats his traditional subjects with no spurious sentiment, but with sincerity—the keynote of all of Moreland's work. His pure lyric gift, his artistry and economy of words, his clarity and understanding of human nature lift him into the ranks of the best poets.

RUBAIYAT OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, by Eleanor Feree Noxon (Dorrance & Co., Inc., Philadelphia).

This volume is based on the author's version of the literal translation of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, the patron saint of the free-Persians and contains an informative introduction and translation of thinkers of all lands. It shows much study of the immortal poet of the

some of the old poet's quatrains, as well as the well written and original work of the author, wherein she brings the Rubaiyat "up to date."

FIRST CHILDREN, by Lucie Karne Gillett (Dorrance and Co., Inc., Philadelphia).

Some of these little "First Children" are philosophical and some are fanciful. Practically all are whimsical and will delight poetry lovers.

MUSHROOMS, by Pauline Francis Stephens, is a privately published book of sonnets. It is a slender little volume, but the sonnets will be enjoyed by poets who look for and like an occasional phrase or word that is unusual, or is used in an unusual manner.

THE GARDENER, by Elizabeth Guerrant Trask (Dorrance & Co., Inc., Philadelphia).

Each leaf of Mrs. Trasks' garden book brings poem-flowers from the deep spiritual significance of growing things.

GIBRALTER, by Georgiana Bole King (Henry Harrison, Publisher, New York).

The author of this book is already well known to poets and readers of poetry through her first book, "Footsteps", and through her verse in many magazines and anthologies.

These are, for the most part, tranquil poems marked by a fine simplicity; they are written, as an artist might paint, with colorful smooth strokes. Her travel poems make one see and feel beauty at home and afar-off.

MARY B. WARD.

Prizes Awarded

"The Ernest Hartsock Memorial Prize" of $25.00, presented by Cora Smith Gould for the best poem published in the November-December issue of BOZART and CONTEMPORARY VERSE has been awarded, by popular ballot, to Adrian Huffman, editor of THE AGENDA MAGAZINE, Walla Walla, Washington, for his poem, "Upland Pines." A very close second was "Two Women Talk in Ancient Troy," by Edith Tatum, Alabama. Others to receive highly complimentary votes were Martha Lyman Shillito, Alabama; Edith Mirick, Washington, D. C.; Carl John Bostleman, New Jersey; Mary Louise Gills, Virginia; and Mary J. Elmendorf, Wshington.

"The Sidney Lanier Poetry Prize" of $25.00 offered by Abby Crawford Milton for the best poem on a tree—or trees—published in BOZART and CONTEMPORARY VERSE during the calendar year 1933 has been awarded to Mary Owen Lewis, of Philadelphia, for her poem, "Tree Architecture," published in the November-December issue. First honorable mention goes to Katherine E. Linck, California; second, to Edwin Carlile Litsey, Kentucky; third, Adelaide Love, Illinois. The judges: Benjamin Musser, Washington, D. C.; Robert Sparks Walker, Chattanooga, Tennessee; Constance Deming Lewis, editor of SHARDS, Augusta, Ga.

Mrs. Wilford R. Leach's cash prize of $10.00 for the best poem by a college student, published in this magazine during 1933 has been unanimously awarded to Eugenie Catherine Paul, of Randolph-Macon Woman's College, Lynchburg, Virginia, for her poem "I Am a Moth," in the September-October issue. The judges were Professor Sterling Lanier and one of his Oglethorpe classes in English.

Agnes Cochran Bramblett awards her prize of $5.00 in gold for the best sonnet published in this magazine during 1933 to Clarence L. Haynie for his sonnet, "Final Beauty," in the July-August issue.

Helen Harriet Salls awards a copy of her PENSIVE CITADELS to Theo Gunter Elmore, of Florida, for her poem, "Youth Questions."

Maude Lay Elton awards a copy of her CHIT CHAT PHILOSOPHY to R. Albright, of Chicago, for the poem, "Meg and Amy, Beth and Joe."

The Policy of This Magazine

We are pleased to consider real poems of any type whatsoever—usually not over 32 lines. We do not pay for individual poems, but we offer a number of substantial and attractive prizes.

Those who have manuscripts to submit would do well, first, to become familiar with the magazine. All manuscripts should be accompanied by stamps, or stamped, addressed return envelope.

The editor is especially pleased to discover new poets; he regrets, however, that he cannot undertake to criticize—gratis—any poems except those accepted for publication in this this magazine.

The OGLETHORPE PRESS plans to publish at least four Anthologies this year: (1) A BOOK OF TREE POEMS, similar to those compiled and edited by the editor of this magazine when he was editor of VERSE-CRAFT; (2) A BOOK OF SEA POEMS; (3) A BOOK OF SONNETS; (4) A BOOK OF LYRIC POEMS—In Memory of Frank L. Stanton. These compilations will consist of poems published in this magazine, and other submitted poems that are deemed worthy to be preserved in this manner.

Back Numbers Wanted!

If you can spare the following back numbers of BOZART please let us hear from you: Vol. III, No. 1; September-October, 1931; Vol. VI, No. 3, 1933.

Who is Your Poet Laureate?

Has your state a Poet Laureate? If so, the editor of BOZART and CONTEMPORARY VERSE is eager for the information.

Worth Remembering

In an address delivered before the Poetry Society of America, in December, Joseph Auslander defined poetry as follows: "Poetry, it seems to me, has one definition: it is the most beautiful way of remembering what it would impoverish us to forget."

The editor of BOZART and CONTEMPORARY VERSE has a pretty prize for the person who sends him the best original definition of poetry before the 25th of March.

Our Prizes

Again it is blessed to receive. Here are expressions that the editor of BOZART and CONTEMPORARY VERSE appreciates most highly: Angela Marco, Connecticutt: "Bozart has developed robustness and unusually fine qualities." Jewell Mace Flanagan, Texas: "Our poetry society reviews practically every current poetry magazine in the United States, and we consider BOZART among the best." Virginia Doss, Tennessee: "Bozart is a poetry magazine to which the adjective 'modern' may be applied without the addition of the adverb 'grotesquely'." Grace E. Barr, Illinois: "BOZART is the best poetry magazine in America." Mabel McKinney Wier, Texas: "BOZART is my choice of them all, both for outer and inner attractiveness." Sarah Hollis Fleming, Florida: "BOZART gets better and better." Maynie Stoddard Wilson, California: "BOZART ranks very high indeed, among the rare and difficult ones to 'make.'" Eunice Creager, Indiana: "I like BOZART very much and am enjoying every number." Carl K. Bomberger, New Jersey: "One is attracted by the quality and variety of the contents of BOZART." John Richard Moreland, Virginia: "I like BOZART very much." Lucia Trent, Pennsylvania: "BOZART is splendid."

Thank you, friends. When I was a small boy my mother discovered that I worked twice as hard when she bragged on me. Sometimes I wonder if we ever grow up.